

The Anderson Intelligence.

ANDERSON, S. C., MARCH 14, 1906.—(SUPPLEMENT.)

HONEA PATH IS SERENE AFTER TRYING ORDEAL

Expected Clash Averted By Troops

AT THE INQUEST

Militi men Cowered Gang Which Had Vowed To Avenge The Death Of John Marion Ashley—No Further Trouble Is Expected, Troops Gone Home—The Testimony

(By McDavid Horton.)

Honea Path, March 9.—(Special).—This pretty, prosperous town, which acquired an unwelcome notoriety last fall when the negro, Allen Pendleton, was lynched after shooting one of the Ashley clan, was thrust into the limelight again by the affair of Thursday afternoon.

Smouldering fires of passion flared high following the killing of John Marion Ashley, who was believed to have been the chief instigator and mover in the Pendleton lynching and was Josh Ashley's lieutenant in command of the Ashley clan; an attempt by the clansmen to find and lynch Chief of Police White for slaying their kinsman roused the people of Honea Path, and only the timely arrival of thirty-nine militiamen from Anderson averted a bloody riot.

BLOODY RIOT AVERTED.

Capt. McCully was ordered by telephone to bring his company at the service of Sheriff N. R. Green. Within thirty minutes he had his men aboard a special train, which made the distance of seventeen miles to Honea Path in a little over twenty minutes.

Capt. McCully formed his men in single rank at the depot and gave the command, "Load!" Eight of the long-vicious-looking cartridges clicking into the magazines—six steel-jacketed bullets in each rifle—had a salutary effect, and considerably tamed the hostile air of the crowd, principally composed of Ashleys and Ashley sympathizers.

The soldiers had come at the critical period. The situation was tense and delicate in the extreme. The disturbing element, growing valorous with liquor and numbers, was getting reckless; the townsfolk were exasperated and incensed beyond endurance, and had about made up their minds to clear their streets by force of arms. Both sides were well equipped with weapons. I saw more Winchester at Honea Path today than I ever saw at one time before.

Capt. McCully, Lieutenant Craig and Lieutenant Farmer marched the company to the store where Chief of Police White, kept concealed by his friends, was in imminent danger of being lynched. The mob gathered in front. In column of fours the militiamen walked straight through the crowd and went on guard. Patrols were posted up and down the street, and Officer White brought out and sent down to the railway station in the middle of a squad of khaki-clad young soldiers. He was placed on the engine which had drawn the special train, and carried for safekeeping to Anderson, in charge of a deputy sheriff.

SOLDIERS GONE BACK.

Sheriff Green took command, and with his influence and the moral effect of the business-like soldiers slowly patrolling the town, things began to settle down. Representative Josh Ashley was in the midst of them, and was obeyed as serfs of feudal days obeyed their overlord. He personally retained for the prosecution Mr. W. P. Green, of the Abbeville bar, and busied himself in securing the names of witnesses. He made an effort to secure the services of Capt. H. H. Watkins, of Anderson, but Capt. Watkins had already been engaged by the defense.

THE INQUEST.

Trouble was expected at the inquest. It failed to materialize. Ashley began to gather his men all directions before daylight. Representative Josh Ashley was in the midst of them, and was obeyed as serfs of feudal days obeyed their overlord. He personally retained for the prosecution Mr. W. P. Green, of the Abbeville bar, and busied himself in securing the names of witnesses. He made an effort to secure the services of Capt. H. H. Watkins, of Anderson, but Capt. Watkins had already been engaged by the defense.

MARION ASHLEY, VIKING.

John Marion Ashley—and down here they say Ma-re-on—was a modernized Norse Viking in appearance. Six feet in height, massive, athletic, he had a square jaw and a protruding chin, with the blond complexion, sweeping yellow mustache and straw-colored hair characteristic of the family. Between his eyes was the bulge significant of dangerous temper, while his chin was long and eloquent of

doggedness and tenacity. The wide, thin-lipped mouth bore a ghostly, elusive grin. In the chest, magnificent of breadth and depth, were two little blue-ribboned holes that told the story. Either would have proved mortal.

JOSH ASHLEY, RUSY.

When the jury returned to the mayor's office, the inquest was taken up. Aided by the questioning of Mr. Green and the cross-examination of Capt. Watkins, Coroner Pruitt carried the affair along carefully but without loss of time. Josh Ashley was the most interested look-oner. He believed well today. I believe that his presence had a quieting effect upon his adherents. The glint of the bayonets may have convinced him of the wisdom of this policy.

When I arrived on the morning train from Greenville, I went uptown with Mr. J. C. Milford, who had been summoned to add the townsman and his nerve and well known prowess, and Mr. W. B. Jones, of this city, who was needed as an officer to take the place of Chief of Police White.

Mr. Jones was soon sworn in and within twenty minutes had convinced the disturbing element that he was a Joker. His quiet, confident bearing made a most helpful impression.

"The Ashley gang" is a sore point with Honea Path people now. They say that they were determined to put up with no more invasions of their territory and that it was fortunate the soldiers arrived and spared them the necessity of a riot to expel the gang.

John Marion Ashley was about 48 or 50 years old. He leaves a large family, most of them being grown. He was a quiet, confident citizen when sober, but was addicted to drinking and when under the influence of whiskey was disposed to be troublesome. Policeman White is about 28 or 30 years old. He is a native of Ninety-Six, and served on the police force there before coming to Honea Path. He is well liked by those who know him, and is said to be a fearless, efficient officer.

An elderly man named Ricketts was standing near when the shooting took place. A bullet struck the pavement, and glanced and struck Mr. Ricketts in the foot. His shoe was torn open and the skin on his foot was broken but no other damage resulted. The bullet rebounded and fell to the ground some distance away.

ASHLEY'S FUNERAL TODAY.

After the postmortem examination this morning, the body of John Marion Ashley was prepared for burial and taken to his late home, three miles from Honea Path. The funeral will take place at 10 o'clock this morning at Keowee church.

BAIL FOR WHITE.

Application was made to Judge Prince in Anderson today for an order admitting White to bail.

Only two witnesses besides the three physicians were examined. One of these was a nephew of the dead man, the other a more distant kinsman.

Charles McClain, sworn, said: "I live three miles from Honea Path, Anderson county. I knew John Marion Ashley and saw him yesterday afternoon. He, with Jim Bob Ashley, who is his son, Jap Ashley and Moore and myself were coming from the livery stable toward the Citizens' bank. We met Chief White and a negro, I think his name is Charlie Moore—at the bank corner.

"Mr. White says to John Marion Ashley, 'What's your trouble?'

"John says, 'Nothing, what's your's?'

"Chief White says, 'you hit this ne-

"Jim White says, 'I have not. I have not bother nobody.'

"White says, 'You are drunk, and you must get out of town right now.'

"He says, 'I ain't drunk, and I ain't bother nobody.'

"White says, 'Yes, you got to go.' 'Jim Bob Ashley says, 'I don't guess he will go till he gets ready.'

"Chief White struck at Jim Bob then. Jim Bob threw up his arm and knocked the billy out of his hand, and John Marion Ashley caught hold of Jim Bob.

"White stepped back and shot John Marion, then ran to Traynham's store door and shot back at John Marion, who was lying on the ground. Three shots were fired. Chief White fired two. I don't know who fired the other. Chief White was facing John Marion when he shot. He was ten steps away when he fired the second shot. I didn't see John Marion shoot at White.

Cross-examined by Capt. Watkins: "When the first shot was fired, I was standing about four steps to John Marion's right. The last shot fired went off about the time I saw the first shot last. I don't know who fired the last shot. It came from John Marion's right side. I was looking at White when he fired the first and second shots, but can't say whether he fired the last shot. I saw no cause at all for White to shoot him. I could not swear that more than three shots were fired. John Marion fell on his back and was lying there when shot the second time.

"I was not drinking. I can't say whether any of the others were drunk. I saw John Marion Ashley have his pistol in his right hand as he lay on the ground—saw it then for the first time. I don't know what became of it.

"Several persons were on the street nearby, but I did not recognize any of them. Jim Bob Ashley was doing nothing when White hit him with the billy. I don't know whether White got

his billy back. Jim Bob got it. I think, I don't know whether he had it when White took hold of him."

"I heard Chief say that he could kill John Marion Ashley, Josh Ashley, John McClain, Ed. Johnston and John Harbister, and look at them and laugh as they died. This was before Coroner Pruitt carried the affair along carefully but without loss of time. Josh Ashley was the most interested look-oner. He believed well today. I believe that his presence had a quieting effect upon his adherents. The glint of the bayonets may have convinced him of the wisdom of this policy.

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HE HAS TOO MUCH MONEY.

Young Mr. Patterson Believes in a Division of This World's Goods.

There is a split in the Chicago house of Patterson. The tale thereof was told at the Holland House yesterday. Albert W. Patterson, editor of the Chicago Tribune, a conservative, and the marrow. His son, Joseph Medill Patterson, until three days ago Chicago's commissioner of public works, is an advanced Socialist. Even Jack Patterson's speeches have no terrors for him.

The son reached the Holland House Friday, bringing his views with him. He came East to attend the four-day Socialist conference called to meet at the Connecticut home of J. G. Phelps Stokes, and he came loaded.

The father arrived in New York yesterday morning on his way to Chicago. He was accompanied by his daughter, and the profound conviction that Socialism and paternalism walk hand in hand. Neither father nor son had the slightest hesitancy in discussing their beliefs.

Joseph Medill Patterson is 37 years old and was graduated from Yale in 1901. He is a grandson of the late Joseph Medill who made the Chicago Tribune what it is to-day. His father married Miss Medill, and he has since looked after the Medill interests.

After leaving college young Mr. Patterson entered The Tribune office as a reporter. For six months he accepted the assignments given him by the chief editor and saw the blue pencil run through his copy just as all other beginners do. Then he went into the survey staff, writing special articles for the magazine section. After six months of this he was made an editorial writer.

He wasn't dependent on what he made. He had money of his own and if he hadn't his father had enough for both. He married Miss Alice Higgs, a Chicago girl of wealth and social prominence. Related as he is to the richest families in Chicago and a cousin of Harold McCormick, who married John D. Rockefeller's daughter, he was something of a Chicago society man himself.

While he was in college he began newspaper work as an advocate of municipal ownership and something more, and when he realized he didn't think so well of the newspaper business.

When Mayor Dunne was running for office on the municipal ownership ticket the Junior Mr. Patterson felt himself called to duty. He was Tribune's staff, and he was elected Mr. Dunne's made commissioner of public works. This place he held a year. Three days ago, while in Washington, he resigned, stating that his experience in public office had convinced him that municipal ownership would by no means solve the social problems which confront the United States.

"I believe," he wrote, "that the ownership of the city's utilities should be vested in the people. The ownership should be invested in the whole community. In other words as I understand it, I am a Socialist."

The young man's officeholder slept until 11 o'clock yesterday morning. The first thing he asked the clerk when he came down stairs, was whether his father and sisters had arrived. He got an affirmative answer and spent the morning with them. In the afternoon, after the elder Mr. Patterson's departure for the West, the son explained his views.

"That because my grandfather worked hard and left money I should have everything and so many people should have nothing. Here I am, living at the Hotel Waldorf, and I am going to the opera and the theatre and I am going to have a groom who touches his hat to me and says 'Sir' when he brings my more about horses and a sudden movement in the crowd. Nearly all of them were Ashley men, and there was a havior showed that he was a man marked for their enmity. But they opened their ranks and stood aside, while he strode carelessly through them.

He and all the others mentioned here he notified that their tenure of life would be short. Chief of Police White and Officer S. A. Haynes were fully blockaded, but no man fears the Ashleys any more.

Their claws have been clipped. It is believed. Certainly they will never shoot up Honea Path again. The town has been down that sort of thing, and the lesson enforced by repeated rebuffs at point of pistol, was fully impressed when their chiefstain was slain Thursday by the very official who had been marked for slaughter himself.

The Chinese Crisis.

London, March 10.—According to the correspondent at Peking of The Times, the Chinese crisis is entering upon a constitutional phase. Yuan Shi Kai, the correspondent says, commands all the troops, and the military government is being established by the seventh army division to Shanghai. His son commands the army outside the wall opposing the bandits.

Heard's Case to Be Re-opened.

Washington, March 9.—The case of William Randolph Hearst against the anthracite coal carrying roads to be opened by the Interstate Commerce Commission was today re-opened by the Interstate Commerce Commission.

The action of the commerce was based on the recent decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the cases of the New York, New Haven & Hartford, and Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad Companies, constraining the Interstate Commerce Commission to regulate commerce, the statement being that the decision has an important bearing on the issue involved in the complaint of Mr. Hearst.

Providence, R. I., March 10.—A magnificent bronze group, modeled by Zalus Borglum, the sculptor, and commissioned by James Stillman, president of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, has just been completed.

The group is a gift to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. It is a work of art and a masterpiece of sculpture. It is a group of four figures, each about four feet high, standing on a base of four feet. It shows Diomedes, a Greek hero, slaying the Trojan prince, Hector, with the aid of Athena. The figures are in the act of slaying Hector, and the scene is set in the Trojan city of Troy.

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